

FRONTISPIECE.



Golder Sculp

V I S I O N S

I N

V E R S E,

F O R   T H E

E N T E R T A I N M E N T   A N D   I N S T R U C T I O N

O F

Y O U N G E R   M I N D S.

*Virginibus puerisque canto.*   H O R A C E

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A   N E W   E D I T I O N.

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L O N D O N :

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M D C C L X X X V I .



A N  
E P I S T L E  
TO THE  
R E A D E R.

AUTHORS, you know, of greatest fame,  
Thro' modesty suppress their name,  
And wou'd you wish me to reveal  
What these superior Wits conceal?  
Forego the search, my curious friend,  
And husband time to better end.  
All my ambition is, I own,  
To profit and to please unknown;  
Like streams supply'd from springs below,  
Which scatter blessings as they flow.

Were you diseas'd, or press'd with pain,  
Strait you'd apply to \* Warwick-Lane:  
The thoughtful doctor feels your pulse,  
(No matter whether Mead or Hulse)  
Writes——Arabic to you and me,—  
Then signs his hand, and takes his fee.  
Now, shou'd the sage omit his name,  
Wou'd not the cure remain the same?  
Not but Physicians sign their bill,  
Or when they cure or when they kill.  
'Tis often known the mental race  
Their fond ambitious fires disgrace.

\* College of Physicians.

## AN EPISTLE TO THE READER.

Dar'd I avow a parent's claim,  
Critics might sneer, and friends might blame.  
This dang'rous secret let me hide,  
I'll tell you every thing beside.

Not that it boots the world a tittle,  
Whether the author's big or little ;  
Or whether fair, or black, or brown ;  
No writer's hue concerns the Town.

I pass the silent rural hour,  
No slave to wealth, no tool to pow'r.  
My mansion's warm, and very neat ;  
You'd say, a pretty snug retreat.  
My rooms no costly paintings grace,  
The humbler print supplies their place.  
Behind the house my garden lies,  
And opens to the southern skies :  
The distant hills gay prospects yield,  
And plenty smiles in ev'ry field.

The faithful mastiff is my guard,  
The feather'd tribes adorn my yard ;  
Alive my joy, my treat when dead,  
And their soft plumes improve my bed.

My cow rewards me all she can  
(Brutes leave ingratitude to man):  
She, daily thankful to her lord,  
Crowns with nectareous sweets my board.  
Am I diseas'd—the cure is known ;  
Her sweeter juices mend my own.

I love my house, and seldom roam,  
Few visits please me more than home.  
I pity that unhappy elf  
Who loves all company but self,  
By idle passions borne away  
To op'ra, masquerade, or play ;

Fond of those hives where Folly reigns,  
And Britain's peers receive her chains ;  
Where the pert virgin flights a name,  
And scorns to redden into shame.  
But know, my fair (to whom belong  
The Poet and his artless song),  
When female cheeks refuse to glow,  
Farewell to virtue here below.

Our sex is lost to ev'ry rule,  
Our sole distinction, knave or fool.  
'Tis to your innocence we run ;  
Save us, ye fair, or we're undone :  
Maintain your modesty and station,  
So women shall preserve the nation.

Mothers, 'tis said, in days of old,  
Esteem'd their girls more choice than gold :  
Too well a daughter's worth they knew,  
To make her cheap by public view :  
(Few, who their diamonds' value weigh,  
Expose those diamonds ev'ry day)  
Then, if Sir Plume drew near, and smil'd,  
The parent trembled for her child ;  
The first advance alarm'd her breast ;  
And fancy pictur'd all the rest.  
But now no mother fears a foe,  
No daughter shudders at a beau.

Pleasure is all the reigning theme,  
Our noon-day thought, our mid-night dream.  
In folly's chace our youths engage,  
And shameless crouds of tott'ring age.  
The dye, the dance, th' intemp'rate bowl,  
With various charms engross the soul.  
Are gold, fame, health, the terms of vice ?  
The frantic tribes shall pay the price.

6 AN EPISTLE TO THE READER.

But tho' to ruin ~~po~~st they run,  
They'll think it hard to be undone.

Do not arraign my want of taste,  
Or sigh to ken where joys are plac'd.  
They widely err, who think me blind,  
And I disclaim a stoic's mind.  
Like yours are my sensations quite ;  
I only strive to feel aright.  
My joys, like streams, glide gently by,  
Tho' small their channel, never dry ;  
Keep a still, even, fruitful wave,  
And bless the neighb'ring meads they lave.

My fortune (for I'll mention all,  
And more than you dare tell) is small ;  
Yet ev'ry friend partakes my store,  
And want goes smiling from my door.  
Will forty shillings warm the breast  
Of worth or industry distress'd ?  
This sum I cheerfully impart ;  
'Tis fourscore pleasures to my heart :  
And you may make, by means like these,  
Five talents ten, whene'er you please.  
'Tis true, my little purse grows light ;  
But then I sleep so sweet at night !  
This grand specific will prevail,  
When all the doctor's opiates fail.

You ask, what party I pursue ?  
Perhaps you mean, " Whose fool are you ?"  
The names of party I detest,  
Badges of slavery at best :  
I've too much grace to play the knave,  
And too much pride to turn a slave.

I love my country from my soul,  
And grieve when knaves or fools controul.

## AN EPISTLE TO THE READER.

I'm pleas'd, when vice and folly smart  
Or at the gibbet or the cart :  
Yet always pity where I can,  
Abhor the guilt, but mourn the man.

Now the religion of your Poet——  
Does not this little preface shew it ?  
My Visions if you scan with care,  
'Tis ten to one you'll find it there ;  
And if my actions suit my song,  
You can't in conscience think me wrong.

## S L A N D E R.

## V I S I O N I.

Inscrib'd to Miss \*\*\*\*\*.

**M**Y lovely girl, I write for you ;  
 And pray believe my Visions true ;  
 They'll form your mind to every grace ;  
 They'll add new beauties to your face :  
 And when old age impairs your prime,  
 You'll triumph o'er the spoils of time.

Childhood and youth engage my pen,  
 'Tis labour lost to talk to men.  
 Youth may, perhaps, reform, when wrong,  
 Age will not listen to my song.

He who at fifty is a fool,  
 Is far too stubborn grown for school.

What is that vice which still prevails,  
 When almost every passion fails ;  
 Which with our very dawn begun,  
 Nor ends but with our setting sun ;  
 Which, like a noxious weed, can spoil  
 The fairest flow'rs, and choak the soil ?  
 'Tis Slander,—and, with shame I own,  
 The voice of human-kind alone.

Be Slander then my leading dream,  
 Tho' you're a stranger to the theme :  
 Thy softer breast and honest heart  
 Scorn the defamatory art ;  
 Thy soul asserts her native skies,  
 Nor asks Detraction's wings to rise :  
 In foreign spoils let others shine,  
 Intrinsic excellence is thine.

The bird in peacock's plumes who shone,  
 Could plead no merit of her own :  
 The silly theft betray'd her pride,  
 And spoke her poverty beside.

Th' insidious fland'ring thief is worse  
 Than the poor rogue who steals your purse.  
 Say he purloins your glitt'ring store ;  
 Who takes your gold, takes ' Traff—no more :  
 Perhaps he pilfers—to be fed—  
 Ah ! guiltless wretch, who steals for bread !  
 But the dark villain, who shall aim  
 To blast, my fair, thy spotless name,  
 He'd steal a precious gem away,  
 Steal what both *Indies* can't repay !  
 Here the strong pleas of want are vain,  
 Or the more impious pleas of gain.  
 No sinking family to save !  
 No gold to glut th' insatiate knave !

Improve the hint of Shakspeare's tongue :  
 'Twas thus immortal \* Shakspeare sung :  
 And trust the bard's unerring rule,  
 For Nature was that poet's school.

As I was nodding in my chair,  
 I saw a rueful wild appear :  
 No verdure met my aching sight,  
 But hemlock, and cold aconite ;  
 Two very pois'nous plants, 'tis true,  
 But not so bad as vice to you.

The dreary prospect spread around !  
 Deep snow had whiten'd all the ground !  
 A black and barren mountain nigh,  
 Expos'd to ev'ry friendless sky !

\* Othello.

Here foul-mouth'd Slander lay reclin'd,  
 Her snaky tresses his'd behind :  
 " \* A bloated toad-stool rais'd her head,  
 " The plumes of ravens were her bed ;"  
 She fed upon the viper's brood,  
 And slak'd her impious thirst with blood.

The rising sun and western ray  
 Were witness to her distant sway.  
 The tyrant claim'd a mightier host  
 Than the proud Persian e'er could boast.  
 No conquest grac'd Darius' son † ;  
 By his own numbers half undone :  
 Success attended Slander's pow'r,  
 She reap'd fresh laurels ev'ry hour.  
 Her troops a deeper scarlet wore  
 Than ever armies knew before.

No plea diverts the Fury's rage,  
 The Fury spares nor sex nor age.  
 Ev'n merit, with destructive charms,  
 Provokes the vengeance of her arms.

Whene'er the tyrant sounds to war,  
 Her canker'd trump is heard afar.  
 Pride, with a heart unknown to yield,  
 Commands in chief, and guides the field.  
 He stalks with vast gigantic stride,  
 And scatters fear and ruin wide.

\* Garth's Dispensary.

† Xerxes, king of Persia and son of Darius. He invaded Greece with an army consisting of more than a million of men (some say more than two millions), who, together with their cattle, perished in a great measure through the inability of the countries to supply such a vast host with provision.

So the impetuous torrents sweep  
At once whole nations to the deep.

Revenge, that base \* Hesperian, known  
A chief support of Slander's throne,  
Amidst the bloody crowd is seen,  
And treachery brooding in his mien :  
The monster often chang'd his gait,  
But march'd resolv'd and fix'd as fate.  
Thus the fell kite whom hunger stings,  
Now slowly moves his out-stretch'd wings ;  
Now swift as lightning bears away,  
And darts upon his trembling prey.

Envy commands a secret band,  
With sword and poison in her hand,  
Around her haggard eye-balls roll,  
A thousand fiends possess her soul,  
The artful unsuspected spright  
With fatal aim attacks by night,  
Her troops advance with silent tread,  
And stab the hero in his bed ;  
Or shoot the wing'd malignant lie,  
And female honours pine and die.  
So prowling wolves, when darkness reigns,  
Intent on murder scour the plains ;  
Approach the folds where lambs repose,  
Whose guileless breasts suspect no foes ;  
The savage gluts his fierce desires,  
And bleating innocence expires.

Sander smil'd horribly, to view  
How wide her conquests daily grew :

\* *Hesperia* includes *Italy* as well as *Spain*, and the inhabitants of both are remarkable for their revengeful dispositions.

Around the crouded levees wait,  
 Like oriental slaves of state :  
 Of either sex whole armies prefs'd,  
 But chiefly of the fair and best.

Is it a breach of friendship's law  
 To say what female friends I saw ?  
 Slander assumes the idol's part,  
 And claims the tribute of the heart.  
 The best, in some unguarded hour,  
 Have bow'd the knee, and own'd her pow'r.  
 Then let the poet not reveal  
 What candour wishes to conceal.

If I beheld some faulty fair,  
 Much worse delinquents crouded there :  
 Prelates in sacred lawn I saw,  
 Grave Physic, and loquacious Law ;  
 Courtiers, like summer flies, abound ;  
 And hungry poets swarm around.  
 But now my partial story ends,  
 And makes my females full amends.

If Albion's isle such dreams fulfils,  
 'Tis Albion's isle which cures these ills ;  
 Fertile of every worth and grace  
 Which warm the heart and flush the face.

Fancy disclos'd a smiling train  
 Of British nymphs, that tripp'd the plain :  
 Good-nature first, a sylvan queen,  
 Attir'd in robes of chearful green :  
 A fair and smiling virgin she !  
 With ev'ry charm that shines in thee.  
 Prudence assum'd the chief command,  
 And bore a mirror in her hand ;  
 Grey was the matron's head by age,  
 Her mind by long experience sage ;

Of every distant ill afraid,  
And anxious for the simp'ring Maid.  
The Graces danc'd before the fair;  
And white-rob'd Innocence was there.  
The trees with golden fruits were crown'd,  
And rising flow'rs adorn'd the ground;  
The sun display'd each brighter ray,  
And shone in all the pride of day.

When Slander sicken'd at the sight,  
And skulk'd away to shun the light.

B

P L E A -

## P L E A S U R E .

## V I S I O N II.

**H**EAR, ye fair mothers of our isle,  
 Nor scorn your Poet's homely style.  
 What tho' my thoughts be quaint or new,  
 I'll warrant that my doctrine's true :  
 Or if my sentiments be old,  
 Remember, truth is sterling gold.

You judge it of important weight,  
 To keep your rising Offspring straight :  
 For this such anxious moments feel,  
 And ask the friendly aids of steel :  
 For this import the distant cane,  
 Or slay the monarch of the main.  
 And shall the soul be warp'd aside  
 By passion, prejudice, and pride ?  
 Deformity of heart I call  
 The worst deformity of all.

Your cares to Body are confin'd,  
 Few fear obliquity of Mind.  
 Why not adorn the better part !  
 This is a nobler theme for art.  
 For what is form, or what is face,  
 But the soul's index, or its case ?

Now take a simile at hand,  
 Compare the mental soil to land.  
 Shall fields be till'd with annual care,  
 And minds lie fallow ev'ry year ?  
 O since the crop depends on you,  
 Give them the culture which is due :  
 Hoe every weed, and dress the soil,  
 So harvest shall repay your toil.

If human minds resemble trees,  
 (As every moralist agrees)  
 Prune all the stragglers of your vine,  
 Then shall the purple clusters shine.  
 The gard'ner knows, that fruitful life  
 Demands his salutary knife :  
 For ev'ry wild luxuriant shoot  
 Or robs the bloom, or starves the fruit.

A \* Satirist in Roman times,  
 When Rome like Britain groan'd with crimes,  
 Asserts it for a sacred truth,  
 That Pleasures are the bane of youth :  
 That sorrows such pursuits attend,  
 Or such pursuits in sorrows end :  
 That all the wild advent'rer gains  
 Are perils, penitence, and pains.

Approve, ye fair, the Roman page,  
 And bid your sons revere the sage ;  
 In study spend their midnight oil,  
 And string their nerves by manly toil.  
 Thus shall they grow like Temple wise,  
 Thus future Lockes and Newtons rise ;  
 Or hardy chiefs to wield the lance,  
 And save us from the chains of France.  
 Yes, bid your sons betimes forego  
 Those treach'rous paths where Pleasures grow ;  
 Where the young mind is folly's slave,  
 Where ev'ry virtue finds a grave.

Let each bright character be nam'd,  
 For wisdom or for valour fam'd.  
 Are the dear youths to science prone ?  
 Tell how th' immortal Bacon shone !

\* Perſius.

Who, leaving meaner joys to kings,  
 Soar'd high on contemplation's wings :  
 Rang'd the fair fields of nature o'er,  
 Where never mortal trod before :  
 Bacon ! whose vast capacious plan  
 Bespoke him angel, more than man !

Does love of martial fame inspire ?  
 Cherish, ye fair, the gen'rous fire ;  
 Teach them to spurn inglorious rest,  
 And rouse the hero in their breast ;  
 Paint Creffy's vanquish'd field anew,  
 Their souls shall kindle at the view,  
 Resolv'd to conquer or to fall,  
 When liberty and Britain call.  
 Thus shall they rule the crimson plain,  
 Or hurl their thunders thro' the main ;  
 Gain with their blood, nor grudge the cost,  
 What their degenerate fires have lost :  
 The laurel thus shall grace their brow,  
 As Churchill's once, or Warren's now.

One summer's evening as I stray'd  
 Along the silent moon-light glade,  
 With those reflections in my breast,  
 Beneath an oak I sunk to rest ;  
 A gentle slumber intervenes,  
 And fancy dress'd instructive scenes.

Methought a spacious road I 'spy'd,  
 And stately trees adorn'd its side ;  
 Frequented by a giddy croud  
 Of thoughtless mortals, vain and loud ;  
 Who tript with jocund heel along,  
 And bade me join their smiling throng.

I strait obey'd—Persuasion hung  
 Like honey on the speaker's tongue.

A cloudless sun improv'd the day,  
And pinks and roses strew'd our way.

Now as our journey we pursue,  
A beauteous fabric rose to view ;  
A stately dome, and sweetly grac'd  
With every ornament of taste.

This structure was a female's claim,  
And Pleasure was the monarch's name,

The hall we enter'd uncontroll'd,  
And saw the queen enthron'd on gold ;  
Arabian sweets perfum'd the ground,  
And laughing Cupids flutter'd round ;  
A flowing vest adorn'd the fair,  
And flow'ry chaplets wreath'd her hair :  
Fraud taught the queen a thousand wiles,  
A thousand soft insidious smiles ;  
Love taught her lisping tongue to speak,  
And form'd the dimple in her cheek ;  
The lily and the damask rose  
The tincture of her face compose ;  
Nor did the god of wit disdain  
To mingle with the shining train.

Her vot'ries flock from various parts,  
And chiefly youth resign'd their hearts  
The old in sparing numbers press'd,  
But awkward devotees at best.

Now let us range at large, we cry'd,  
Thro' all the garden's boasted pride.  
Here jasmines spread the silver flow'r,  
To deck the wall, or weave the bow'r ;  
The woodbines mix in am'rous play,  
And breathe their fragrant lives away.  
Here rising myrtles form a shade,  
There roses blush, and scent the glade.

The orange, with a vernal face,  
Wears ev'ry rich autumnal grace ;  
While the young blossoms here unfold,  
There shines the fruit, like pendent gold.  
Citrons their balmy sweets exhale,  
And triumph in the distant gale.  
Now fountains murm'ring to the song,  
Roll their translucent streams along.  
Thro' all the aromatic groves,  
The faithful turtles coo their loves.  
The lark ascending pours his notes,  
And linnets swell their rapt'rous throats.

Pleasure, imperial fair ! how gay  
Thy empire, and how wide thy sway !  
Enchanting queen ! how soft thy reign !  
How man, fond man ! implores thy chain !  
Yet thine each meretricious art  
That weakens and corrupts the heart.  
The childish toys and wanton page  
Which sink and prostitute the Stage !  
The masquerade, that just offence  
To virtue, and reproach to sense !  
The midnight dance, the mantling bowl,  
And all that dissipate the soul ;  
All that to ruin man combine,  
Yes, specious harlot, all are thine !

Whence sprung th' accursed lust of Play,  
Which beggars thousands in a day ?  
Speak, Sorcerers, speak (for thou canst tell),  
Who call'd the treach'rous card from hell ?  
Now man prophanes his reas'ning pow'rs,  
Prophanes sweet friendship's sacred hours ;  
Abandon'd to inglorious ends,  
And faithless to himself and friends ;

# P L E A S U R E.

A dupe to every artful knave,  
 To every abject with a slave;  
 But who against himself combines,  
 Abets his enemy's designs.  
 When rapine meditates a blow,  
 He shares the guilt who aids the foe.  
 Is man a thief who steals my pelf?  
 How great his theft, who robs himself!  
 Is man, who gulls his friend, a cheat?  
 How heinous then is self-deceit!  
 Is murder justly deem'd a crime?  
 How black his guilt, who murders time!  
 Should custom plead, as custom will,  
 Grand precedents to palliate ill,  
 Shall modes and forms avail with me,  
 When reason disavows the plea?  
 Who games, is felon of his wealth,  
 His time, his liberty, his health.  
 Virtue forsakes his sordid mind,  
 And Honour scorns to stay behind.  
 From man when these bright cherubs part,  
 Ah! what's the poor deserted heart!  
 A savage wild that shocks the sight,  
 Or chaos, and impervious night!  
 Each gen'rous principle destroy'd,  
 And Dæmons croud the frightful void!

Shall Siam's elephant supply  
 The baneful desolating die?  
 Against the honest sylvan's will,  
 You taught his iv'ry tusk to kill.  
 Heav'n, fond its favours to dispense,  
 Gave him that weapon for defence.  
 That weapon, for his guard design'd,  
 You render'd fatal to mankind.

He plann'd no death for thoughtless youth,  
 You gave the venom to his tooth.  
 Blush, tyrant, blush, for oh! 'tis true,  
 That no fell serpent bites like you.

The guests were order'd to depart,  
 Reluctance sat on ev'ry heart :  
 A porter shew'd a diff'rent door,  
 Not the fair portal known before.  
 The gates, methought, were open'd wide,  
 The crowds descended in a tide.  
 But oh! ye heav'ns, what vast surprize  
 Struck the advent'ers' frighted eyes !  
 A barren heath before us lay,  
 And gath'ring clouds obscur'd the day ;  
 The darkness rose in smoky spires ;  
 The lightnings flash'd their livid fires ;  
 Loud peals of thunder rent the air,  
 While vengeance chill'd our hearts with fear.

Five ruthless tyrants sway'd the plain,  
 And triumph'd o'er the mangled slain.  
 Here sat Dis taste, with sickly mien,  
 And more than half-devour'd with spleen :  
 There stood Remorse, with thought oppress'd,  
 And vipers feeding on his breast :  
 Then Want, dejected, pale, and thin,  
 With bones just starting thro' his skin ;  
 A ghastly fiend ! — and close behind  
 Disease his aching head reclin'd !  
 His everlasting thirst confess'd  
 The fires which rag'd within his breast :  
 Death clos'd the train ! The hideous form  
 Smil'd unrelenting in the storm :  
 When strait a doleful shriek was heard ;  
 I 'woke — The vision disappear'd.

Let not the unexperienc'd boy  
Deny that Pleasures will destroy ;  
Or say that dreams are vain and wild,  
Like fairy tales, to please a child.  
Important hints the wise may reap  
From fallies of the soul in sleep :  
And since there's meaning in my dream,  
The moral merits your esteem.

H E A L T H.

## H E A L T H.

## VISION III.

**A**TTEND my Visions, thoughtless youths,  
 Ere long you'll think them weighty truths !  
 Prudent it were to think so now,  
 Ere age has silver'd o'er your brow :  
 For he, who at his early years  
 Has sown in vice, shall reap in tears.  
 If folly has possess'd his prime,  
 Disease shall gather strength in time ;  
 Poison shall rage in ev'ry vein,—  
 Nor penitence dilute the stain :  
 And when each hour shall urge his fate,  
 Thought, like the doctor, comes too late.

The subject of my song is Health,  
 A good superior far to wealth.  
 Can the young mind distrust its worth ?  
 Consult the monarchs of the earth :  
 Imperial Czars, and Sultans, own  
 No gem so bright that decks their throne :  
 Each for this pearl his crown would quit,  
 And turn a rustic, or a cit.

Mark, tho' the blessing's lost with ease,  
 Tis not recover'd when you please.  
 Say not that gruels shall avail,  
 For salutary gruels fail.  
 Say not, Apollo's sons succeed,  
 Apollo's son is Egypt's \* reed.  
 How fruitless the physician's skill,  
 How vain the penitential pill,

\* In allusion to 2 Kings xviii. 24.

The marble monuments proclaim,  
The humbler turf confirms the same.  
Prevention is the better cure,  
So says the Proverb, and 'tis sure.

Would you extend your narrow span,  
And make the most of life you can ;  
Would you, when med'cines cannot save,  
Descend with ease into the grave ;  
Calmly retire, like evening light,  
And cheerful bid the world good night ?  
Let Temp'rance constantly preside,  
Our best physician, friend, and guide !  
Wou'd you to wisdom make pretence,  
Proud to be thought a man of sense ?  
Let Temp'rance (always friend to fame)  
With steady hand direct your aim ;  
Or, like an archer in the dark,  
Your random shaft will miss the mark :  
For they who slight her golden rules,  
In Wisdom's volume stand for fools.

But morals unadorn'd by art,  
Are seldom known to reach the heart.  
I'll therefore strive to raise my theme  
With all the scenery of dream.

Soft were my slumbers, sweet my rest,  
Such as the infant's on the breast ;  
When fancy, ever on the wing,  
And fruitful as the genial spring,  
Presented in a blaze of light  
A new creation to my sight.

A rural landscape I descri'd,  
Drest in the robes of summer pride ;  
The herds adorn'd the sloping hills,  
That glitter'd with their tinkling rills ;

Below the fleecy mothers stray'd,  
And round their sportive lamblkins play'd.  
Nigh to a murm'ring brook I saw  
An humble cottage thatch'd with straw;  
Behind, a garden that supply'd  
All things for use, and none for pride:  
Beauty prevail'd thro' ev'ry part,  
But more of nature than of art.

Hail, thou sweet, calm, unenvied seat!  
I said, and blest'd the fair retreat:  
Here would I pass my remnant days,  
Unknown to censure or to praise;  
Forget the world, and be forgot,  
As Pope describes his Vestal's lot.

While thus I mus'd, a beauteous maid  
Stepp'd from a thicket's neighb'ring shade;  
Not Hampton's gallery can boast,  
Nor Hudson paint so fair a toast:  
She claim'd the cottage for her own,  
To Health a cottage is a throne.

The annals say (to prove her worth)  
The Graces solemniz'd her birth.  
Garlands of various flow'rs they wrought,  
The orchard's blushing pride they brought:  
Hence in her face the lily speaks,  
And hence the rose which paints her cheeks;  
The cherry gave her lips to glow,  
Her eyes were debtors to the floe;  
And, to compleat the lovely fair,  
'Tis said, the chestnut stain'd her hair.

The virgin was averse to courts,  
But often seen in rural sports.  
When in her rosy vest the morn  
Walks o'er the dew-bespangled lawn,

The nymph is first to form the race,  
 Or wind the horn, and lead the chace.  
 Sudden I heard a shouting train,  
 Glad acclamations fill'd the plain :  
 Unbounded joy improv'd the scene,  
 For Health was loud proclaim'd a Queen.

Two smiling cherubs grac'd her throne  
 (To modern Courts, I fear, unknown) :  
 One was the nymph that loves the light,  
 Fair Innocence, array'd in white ;  
 With sister Peace in close embrace,  
 And heav'n all opening in her face.

The reign was long, the empire great,  
 And Virtue, minister of state.  
 In other kingdoms, ev'ry hour,  
 You hear of Vice preferr'd to pow'r :  
 Vice was a perfect stranger here :  
 No knaves engross'd the royal ear :  
 No fools obtain'd this monarch's grace ;  
 Virtue dispos'd of ev'ry place.

What sickly appetites are ours,  
 Still varying with the varying hours ?  
 And tho' from good to bad we range,  
 " No matter," says the Fool, "'tis change."

Her subjects now express'd apace  
 Dissatisfaction in their face :  
 Some view the state with envy's eye,  
 Some were displeas'd, they knew not why :  
 When Faction, ever bold and vain,  
 With rigour tax'd their monarch's reign.  
 Thus should an angel from above,  
 Fraught with benevolence and love,  
 Descend to earth, and here impart  
 Important truths to mend the heart ;

Would not th' instructive guest dispense  
With passion, appetite, and sense,  
We should his heav'nly lore despise,  
And send him to his former skies.

A dangerous hostile power arose  
To Health, whose household were her foes;  
A harlot's loose attire she wore,  
And Luxury the name she bore,  
This Princess of unbounded sway,  
W m Asia's foster sons obey,  
Made war against the Queen of Health,  
Assisted by the troops of Wealth.

The Queen was first to take the field,  
Arm'd with her helmet and her shield,  
Temper'd with such superior art,  
That both were proof to ev'ry dart.  
Two warlike chiefs approach'd the green,  
And wond'rous favourites with the Queen;  
Both were of Amazonian race,  
Both high in merit and in place.  
Here Resolution march'd, whose soul  
No fear could shake, no pow'r controul;  
The heroine wore a Roman vest,  
A lion's heart inform'd her breast.  
There Prudence shone, whose bosom wrought  
With all the various plans of thought;  
'Twas her's to bid the troops engage,  
And teach the battle where to rage.

And now the Siren's armies press,  
Their van was headed by Excess:  
The mighty wings, that form'd the side,  
Commanded by that giant Pride:  
While Sicknes, and her sisters Pain  
And Poverty, the center gain:

Repentance, with a brow severe,  
And Death were station'd in the rear.

Health rang'd her troops with matchless art,  
And acted the defensive part :  
Her army posted on a hill,  
Plainly bespoke superior skill :  
Hence were discover'd thro' the plain,  
The motions of the hostile train :  
While Prudence, to prevent surprize,  
Oft' sally'd with her trusty spies ;  
Explor'd each ambuscade below,  
And reconnoitred well the foe.

Afar when Luxury descry'd  
Inferior force by art supply'd,  
The Siren spake—Let Fraud prevail,  
Since all my numerous hosts must fail ;  
Henceforth hostilities shall cease,  
I'll send to Health and offer peace.  
Strait she dispatch'd with pow'r's compleat,  
Pleasure, her minister, to treat.  
This wicked strumpet topp'd her part,  
And sow'd sedition in the heart !  
Thro' ev'ry troop the poison ran,  
All were infected to a man.

The weary generals were won  
By Pleasure's wiles, and both undone.

Jove held the troops in high disgrace,  
And bade diseases blast their race ;  
Look'd on the queen with melting eyes,  
And snatch'd his darling to the skies ;  
Who still regards those wiser few,  
That dare her dictates to pursue.  
For where her stricter law prevails,  
Tho' passion prompts, or vice assails,  
Long shall the cloudless skies behold,  
And their calm sun-set beam with gold.

## C O N T E N T.

## V I S I O N I V.

**M**AN is deceiv'd by outward show—  
 'Tis a plain homespun truth, I know ;  
 The fraud prevails at ev'ry age,  
 So says the school-boy and the sage ;  
 Yet still we hug the dear deceit,  
 And still exclaim against the cheat.  
 But whence this inconsistent part ?  
 Say, Moralists, who know the heart :  
 If you'll this labyrinth pursue,  
 I'll go before and find the clue.

I dreamt ('twas on a Birth-day night)  
 A sumptuous palace rose to sight :  
 The builder had thro' ev'ry part  
 Observ'd the chastest rules of art ;  
 Raphael and Titian had display'd  
 All the full force of light and shade :  
 Around the livery'd servants wait ;  
 An aged porter kept the gate.

As I was traversing the hall,  
 Where Brussels' looms adorn'd the wall,  
 (Whose tap'stry shews, without my aid,  
 A nun is no such useless maid)  
 A graceful person came in view  
 (His form, it seems, is known to few) ;  
 His dress was unadorn'd with lace,  
 But charms ! a thousand in his face.

This, Sir, your property ? I cry'd——  
 Master and mansion coincide :  
 Where all, indeed, is truly great,  
 And proves, that bliss may dwell with state,

Pray, Sir, indulge a stranger's claim,  
And grant the favour of your name.

"CONTENT," the lovely form reply'd;

"But think not here that I reside;

Here lives a courtier base and fly;

An open, honest, rustic, I.

Our taste and manners disagree,

His levee boasts no charms for me:

For titles, and the smiles of kings,

To me are cheap, unheeded things.

('Tis virtue can alone impart

The patent of a ducal heart:

Unless this herald speaks him great,

What shall avail the glare of state?

Those secret charms are my delight,

Which shine remote from public sight:

Passions subdu'd, desires at rest, —

And hence his chaplain shares my breast.

"There was a time (his Grace can tell)

I knew the Duke exceeding well;

Knew ev'ry secret of his heart;

In truth, we never were apart:

But when the court became his end,

He turn'd his back upon his friend.

"One day I call'd upon his Grace,

Just as the Duke had got a place:

I thought (but thought amiss, 'tis clear)

I should be welcome to the peer;

Yes, welcome to a man in pow'r;

And so I was — for half an hour.

But he grew weary of his guest,

And soon discarded me his breast;

Upbraided me with want of merit,

But most for poverty of spirit.

" You relish not the great man's lot &  
 Come, hasten to my humbler cot.  
 Think me not partial to the great,  
 I'm a sworn foe to pride and state ;  
 No monarch shares my kind embrace,  
 There's scarce a monarch knows my face :  
 Content shuns courts, and oft'ner dwells  
 With modest worth in rural cells ;  
 There's no complaint, tho' brown the bread,  
 Or the rude turf sustain the head :  
 Tho' hard the couch, and coarse the meat,  
 Still the brown loaf and sleep are sweet.

" Far from the city I reside,  
 And a thatch'd cottage all my pride.  
 True to my heart, I seldom roam,  
 Because I find my joys at home :  
 For foreign visits then begin,  
 When the man feels a void within.

" But tho' from towns and crowds I fly,  
 No humourist, nor cynic, I.  
 Amidst sequester'd shades I prize  
 The friendship of the good and wise.  
 Bid Virtue and her sons attend,  
 Virtue will tell thee, I'm her friend :  
 Tell thee, I'm faithful, constant, kind,  
 And meek, and lowly, and resign'd ;  
 Will say, there's no distinction known  
 Betwixt her household and my own."

AUTHOR.] If these the friendships you pursue,  
 Your friends, I fear, are very few.  
 So little company, you say,  
 Yet fond of home from day to day ?  
 How do you shun Detraction's rod ?  
 I doubt your neighbours think you odd !

## C O N T E N T.

CONTENT.] I commune with myself at night,  
And ask my heart if all be right ;  
If, " Right," replies my faithful breast,  
I smile, and close my eyes to rest.

AUTHOR.] You seem regardless of the Town :  
Pray, Sir, how stand you with the Gown ?

CONTENT.] The clergy say they love me well :  
Whether they do, they best can tell.

They paint me modest, friendly, wise,  
And always praise me to the skies ;  
But if conviction's at the heart,  
Why not a correspondent part ?  
For shall the learned tongue prevail,  
If actions preach a diff'rent tale ?  
Who'll seek my door and grace my walls,  
When neither dean nor prelate call ?

With those my friendships most obtain,  
Who prize their duty more than gain.  
Soft flow the hours whene'er we meet,  
And conscious virtue is our treat.  
Our harmless breasts no envy know,  
And hence we fear no secret foe.  
Our walks Ambition ne'er attends,  
And hence we ask no pow'rful friends.  
We wish the best to church and state,  
But leave the steerage to the great ;  
Careless who rises, or who falls,  
And never dream of vacant stalls :  
Much less, by pride or int'rest drawn,  
Sigh for the mitre and the lawn.

Observe the secrets of my art,  
I'll fundamental truths impart :  
If you'll my kind advice pursue,  
I'll quit my hut, and dwell with you.

The Passions are a num'rous croud,  
Imperious, positive, and loud :  
Curb these licentious sons of strife ;  
Hence chiefly rise the storms of life :  
If they grow mutinous, and rave,  
They are thy masters, thou their slave.

Regard the world with cautious eye,  
Nor raise your expectation high.  
See that the balanc'd scales be such,  
You nether fear nor hope too much ;  
For disappointment's not the thing,  
'Tis pride and passion point the sting.  
Life is a sea, where storms must rise,  
'Tis Folly talks of cloudless skies :  
He who contracts his swelling sail,  
Eludes the fury of the gale.

Be still, nor anxious thoughts employ,  
Distrust embitters present joy :  
On God for all events depend ;  
You cannot want when God's your friend.  
Weigh well your part, and do your best ;  
Leave to your Maker all the rest.  
The Hand which form'd thee in the womb,  
Guides from the cradle to the tomb.  
Can the fond mother slight her boy ?  
Can she forget her prattling joy ?  
Say then, shall Sovereign Love desert  
The humble and the honest heart ?  
Heav'n may not grant thee all thy mind ;  
Yet say not thou that Heav'n's unkind.  
God is alike both good and wise  
In what he grants, and what denies :  
Perhaps, what Goodness gives to-day,  
To-morrow Goodness takes away.

You say, that troubles intervene,  
That sorrows darken half the scene.  
True —— and this consequence you see,  
The world was ne'er design'd for thee :  
You're like a passenger below,  
That stays perhaps a night or so ;  
But still his native country lies  
Beyond the bound'ries of the skies.

Of Heav'n ask virtue, wisdom, health,  
But never let thy pray'r be wealth.  
If food be thine (tho' little gold),  
And raiment to repel the cold ;  
Such as may Nature's wants suffice,  
Not what from pride and folly rise ;  
If soft the motions of thy soul,  
And a calm conscience crowns the whole ;  
Add but a friend to all this store,  
You can't in reason wish for more :  
And if kind Heav'n this comfort brings,  
'Tis more than Heav'n bestows on kings.

He spake——the airy spectre flies,  
And strait the sweet illusion dies.  
The vision, at the early dawn,  
Consign'd me to the thoughtful morn ;  
To all the cares of waking clay,  
And inconsistent dreams of day.

H A P

## H A P P I N E S S.

## V I S I O N V.

**Y**E ductile youths, whose rising sun  
 Hath many circles yet to run ;  
 Who wisely with the pilot's chart,  
 To steer thro' life th' unsteady heart ;  
 And all the thoughtful voyage past,  
 To gain a happy port at last :  
 Attend a Seer's instructive song,  
 For moral truths to dreams belong.

I saw this wondrous vision soon,  
 Long ere my sun had reach'd its noon ;  
 Just when the rising beard began  
 To grace my chin, and call me Man.

One night, when balmy slumbers shed  
 Their peaceful poppies o'er my head,  
 My fancy led me to explore  
 A thousand scenes unknown before.

I saw a plain extended wide,  
 And crowds pour'd in from ev'ry side :  
 All seem'd to start a diff'rent game,  
 Yet all declar'd their views the same :  
 The chace was Happiness I found,  
 But all, alas ! enchanted ground.

Indeed I judg'd it wond'rous strange,  
 To see the giddy numbers range  
 Thro' roads, which promis'd nought, at best,  
 But sorrow to the human breast.

Methought, if bliss was all their view,  
 Why did they diff'rent paths pursue ?  
 The waking world has long agreed,  
 That Bagshot's not the road to Tweed :

And he who Berwick seeks thro' Staines,  
Shall have his labour for his pains.

As Parnel \* says, my bosom wrought  
With travail of uncertain thought :  
And as an angel help'd the dean,  
My angel chose to intervene :  
The drefs of each was much the same,  
And Virtue was my seraph's name.  
When thus the angel silence broke,  
Her voice was music as she spoke.

Attend, O man, nor leave my side,  
And safety shall thy footsteps guide ;  
Such truths I'll teach, such secrets show,  
As none but favour'd mortals know.

She said—and strait we march'd along  
To join Ambition's active throng :  
Crouds urg'd on crouds with eager pace,  
And happy he who led the race.  
Axes and daggers lay unseen  
In ambuscade along the green ;  
While vapours shed delusive light,  
And bubbles mock'd the distant sight.

We saw a shining mountain rise,  
Whose tow'ring summit reach'd the skies :  
The slopes were steep, and form'd of glass,  
Painful and hazardous to pass :  
Courtiers and statesmen led the way,  
The faithless paths their steps betray ;  
This moment seen aloft to soar,  
The next to fall and rise no more.

'Twas here Ambition kept her court,  
A phantom of gigantic port :  
The fav'rite that sustain'd her throne  
Was Falshood, by her vizard known ;

\* The Hermit.

Next stood Mistrust, with frequent sigh,  
Disorder'd look, and squinting eye ;  
While meagre Envy claim'd a place,  
And Jealousy with jaundic'd face.

But where is Happiness ? I cry'd.  
My guardian turn'd, and thus reply'd :

Mortal, by folly still beguil'd,  
'Thou hast not yet outstripp'd the child ;  
Thou, who hast twenty winters seen,  
(I hardly think thee past fifteen)  
To ask if Happiness can dwell  
With every dirty imp of hell !

Go to the school-boy, he shall preach  
What twenty winters cannot teach ;  
He'll tell thee from his weekly theme,  
That thy pursuit is all a dream :  
That bliss ambitious views disowns,  
And, self-dependent, laughs at thrones ;  
Prefers the shades and lowly seats,  
Whither fair Innocence retreats :

So the coy lily of the vale  
Shuns eminence, and loves the dale.

I blush'd : and now we cross'd the plain,  
To find the money-getting train ;  
Those silent, snug, commercial bands,  
With busy looks, and dirty hands.  
Amidst these thoughtful crouds, the old  
Plac'd all their Happiness in gold.  
And surely, if there's bliss below,  
These hoary heads the secret know.

We journey'd with the plodding crew,  
When soon a temple rose to view ;  
A gothic pile ! with moss o'er-grown ;  
Strong were the walls, and built with stone

Without a thousand mastiffs wait :  
 A thousand bolts secure the gate.  
 We sought admission long in vain ;  
 For here all favour's sell for gain :  
 The greedy porter yields to gold,  
 His fee receiv'd, the gates unfold.  
 Asssembled nations here we found,  
 And view'd the cringing herds around,  
 Who daily sacrific'd to Wealth  
 Their honour, conscience, peace, and health.  
 I saw no charms that could engage ;  
 The god appear'd like sordid age,  
 With hooked nose, and famish'd jaws,  
 But serpent's eyes, and harpy's claws :  
 Behind stood Fear, that restless spright,  
 Which haunts the watches of the night ;  
 And viper Care, that stings so deep,  
 Whose deadly venom murders sleep.

We hasten now to Pleasure's bow'rs,  
 Where the gay tribes sit crown'd with flow'rs :  
 Here Beauty every charm display'd,  
 And Love inflam'd the yielding maid :  
 Delicious Wine our taste employs,  
 His crimson bowl exalts our joys :  
     felt its gen'rous heat, and thought  
 The pearl was found, that long I sought.  
 Determin'd here to fix my home,  
 I bless'd the change, nor wish'd to roam :  
 The Seraph disapprov'd my stay,  
 Spread her fair plumes, and wing'd away.

Alas ! whene'er we talk of bliss,  
 How prone is man to judge amiss !  
 See, a long train of ills conspires  
 To scourge our uncontrol'd desires.

Like summer swarms Diseases croud,  
 Each bears a crutch, or each a shroud :  
 Fever ! that thirsty fury, came,  
 With inextinguishable flame ;  
 Consumption, sworn ally of Death !  
 Crept slowly on with panting breath ;  
 Gout roar'd, and shew'd his throbbing feet ;  
 And Dropsy took the drunkard's seat ;  
 Stone brought his tort'ring racks ; and near  
 Sat Palsy shaking in her chair.

A mangled youth, beneath a shade,  
 A melancholy scene display'd :  
 His noseless face, and loathsome stains,  
 Proclaim'd the poison in his veins ;  
 He rais'd his eyes, he smote his breast,  
 He wept aloud, and thus address'd :

Forbear the harlot's false embrace,  
 Tho' lewdness wear an angel's face.  
 B: wife, by my experience taught ;  
 I die, alas ! for want of thought.

As he who travels Lybia's plains,  
 Where the fierce lion lawless reigns,  
 Is seiz'd with fear and wild dismay,  
 When the grim foe obstructs his way ;  
 My soul was pierc'd with equal fright,  
 My tott'ring limbs oppos'd my flight ;  
 I call'd on Virtue, but in vain,  
 Her absence quicken'd every pain :  
 At length the slighted angel heard,  
 The dear refulgent form appear'd.

Presumptuous youth ! she said, and frown'd ;  
 (My heart-strings flutter'd at the sound)  
 Who turns to me reluctant ears,  
 Shall shed repeated floods of tears.

These rivers shall for ever last,  
There's no retracting what is past :  
Nor think avenging ills to shun ;  
Play a false card, and you're undone.  
Of Pleasure's gilded baits beware,  
Nor tempt the Syren's fatal snare :  
Forego this curs'd, detested place,  
Abhor the strumpet and her race :  
Had you those softer paths pursu'd,  
Perdition, stripling, had ensu'd ;  
Yes, fly —— you stand upon its brink ;  
To-morrow is too late to think.

Indeed unwelcome truths I tell,  
But mark my sacred lesson well :  
With me whoever lives at strife,  
Loses his better friend for life ;  
With me who lives in friendship's ties,  
Finds all that's sought for by the wise.  
Folly exclaims, and well she may,  
Because I take her mask away ;  
If once I bring her to the sun,  
The painted harlot is undone.  
But prize, my child, oh ! prize my rules,  
And leave Deception to her fools.

Ambition deals in tinsel toys,  
Her traffic gewgaws, fleeting joys !  
An arrant juggler in disguise,  
Who holds false optics to your eyes.  
But ah ! how quick the shadows pass ;  
Tho' the bright visions thro' her glass  
Charm at a distance ; yet, when near,  
The baseless fabrics disappear.

Nor Riches boast intrinsic worth,  
Their charms at best, superior earth :

These oft' the heav'n-born mind enslave,  
And make an honest man a knave.

"Wealth cures my wants," the miser cries;  
Be not deceiv'd, the miser lies:

He want he has with all his store,  
That worst of wants!—the want of more.

Take Pleasure, Wealth, and Pomp away,  
And where is Happiness, you say?

'Tis here—and may be yours—for, know,  
I'm all that's Happiness below.

To vice I leave tumultuous joys,  
Mine is the still and softer voice,  
That whispers peace, when storms invade,  
And music through the midnight shade.

Come then, be mine in ev'ry part,  
Nor give me less than all your heart:  
When troubles discompose your breast,  
I'll enter there a chearful guest;  
My converse shall your cares beguile,  
The little world within shall smile;  
And then it scarce imports a jot,  
Whether the great world frowns or not.

And when the closing scenes prevail,  
When wealth, state, pleasure, all shall fail;  
All that a foolish world admires,  
Or Passion craves, or Pride inspires;  
At that important hour of need,  
Virtue shall prove a friend indeed!  
My hands shall smooth thy dying bed,  
My arms sustain thy drooping head;  
And when the painful struggle's o'er,  
And that vain thing, the world, no more;  
I'll bear my fav'rite son away  
To rapture, and eternal day.

## FRIENDSHIP.

## VISION VI.

**F**RIENDSHIP! thou soft, propitious pow'r!  
Sweet regent of the social hour!

Sublime the joys, nor understood  
by the virtuous and the good!

Cabal and riot take thy name,

But 'tis a false affected claim.

In heav'n if love and friendship dwell,

Can they associate e'er with hell?

Thou art the same thro' change of times,

Thro' frozen zones, and burning climes;

From the æquator to the pole,

The same kind angel thro' the whole:

And since thy choice is always free,

I bless thee for thy smiles on me.

When sorrows swell the tempest high,

Thou, a kind port, art always nigh;

For aching hearts a sov'reign cure,

Not soft *Nepenthe* \* half so sure!

And when returning comforts rise,

Thou the bright sun that gilds our skies.

While these ideas warm'd my breast,

My weary eye-lids stole to rest;

When fancy re-assum'd the theme,

And furnish'd this instructive dream.

\* *Nepenthe* is an herb, which being infused in wine dispels grief. It is unknown to the moderns; but some believe it a kind of *Opium*, and others take it for a species of *Bugloss*. Plin. 21. f. and 25. 2.

I sail'd upon a stormy sea,  
 (Thousands embark'd alike with me)  
 My skiff was small, and weak beside,  
 Not built, methought, to stem the tide.  
 The winds along the surges sweep,  
 The wrecks lie scatter'd thro' the deep;  
 Aloud the foaming billows roar,  
 Unfriendly rocks forbid the shore.

While all our various course pursue,  
 A spacious isle salutes our view.  
 Two Queens, with tempers diff'ring wide,  
 This new-discover'd world divide;  
 A river parts their proper claim,  
 And Truth its celebrated name.

One side a beauteous tract of ground  
 Presents, with living verdure crown'd.  
 The seasons temp'rate, soft, and mild,  
 And a kind sun that always smil'd.  
 Few storms molest the natives here;  
 Cold is the only ill they fear.  
 This happy clime, and grateful soil,  
 With plenty crowns the lab'rer's toil.

Here Friendship's happy kingdom grew,  
 Her realms were small, her subjects few.  
 A thousand charms the palace grace,  
 A rock of adamant its base.  
 Tho' thunders roll, and lightnings fly,  
 This structure braves th' inclement sky.  
 Ev'n Time, which other piles devours,  
 And mocks the pride of human pow'rs,  
 Partial to Friendship's pile alone,  
 Cements the joints, and binds the stone;  
 Ripens the beauties of the place,  
 And calls to life each latent grace.

Around the throne, in order stand  
Four Amazons, a trusty band ;  
Friends ever faithful to advise,  
Or to defend when dangers rise.  
Here Fortitude in coat of mail !  
There Justice lifts the golden scale !  
Two hardy chiefs ; who persevere,  
With form erect, and brow severe ;  
Who smile at perils, pains, and death,  
And triumph with their latest breath.

Temperance, that comely matron's near,  
Guardian of all the Virtues here ;  
Adorn'd with ev'ry blooming grace,  
Without one wrinkle in her face.

But Prudence most attracts the sight,  
And shines pre-eminently bright.  
To view her various thoughts that rise,  
She holds a mirror to her eyes ;  
The mirror, faithful to its charge,  
Reflects the virgin's soul in large.

A Virtue with a softer air,  
Was hand-maid to the regal fair.  
This nymph, indulgent, constant, kind,  
Derives from Heav'n her spotless mind ;  
When actions wear a dubious face,  
Puts the best meaning on the case ;  
She spreads her arms, and bares her breast,  
Takes in the naked and distress'd ;  
Prefers the hungry orphan's cries,  
And from her Queen obtains supplies.  
The maid who acts this lovely part,  
Grasp'd in her hand a bleeding heart.  
Fair Charity ! be thou my guest,  
And be thy constant couch my breast.

But Virtues of inferior name,  
 Croud round the throne with equal claim ;  
 In loyalty by none surpass'd,  
 They hold allegiance to the last.  
 Not ancient records e'er can shew  
 That one deserted to the foe.

The river's other side display'd  
 Alternate plots of flowers and shade,  
 Where poppies shone with various hue,  
 Where yielding willows plenteous grew ;  
 And humble \* plants, by trav'lers thought  
 With slow but certain poison fraught.  
 Beyond these scenes, the eye descry'd  
 A pow'rful realm extended wide,  
 Whose bound'ries from north-east begun,  
 And stretch'd to meet the south-west sun.  
 Here Flatt'ry boasts despotic sway,  
 And basks in all the warmth of day.

Long practis'd in Deception's school,  
 The tyrant knew the arts to rule ;  
 Elated with th' imperial robe,  
 She plans the conquest of the globe ;  
 And aided by her servile trains,  
 Leads kings, and sons of kings, in chains,  
 Her darling minister is Pride,  
 (Who ne'er was known to change his side)  
 A friend to all her interests just,  
 And active to discharge his trust ;  
 Carefs'd alike by high and low,  
 The idol of the belle and beau :

\* The *humble* plant bends down before the touch (as the *sensitive* plant shrinks from the touch) and is said by some to be the slow poison of the Indians.

In every shape he shews his skill,  
 And forms her subjects to his will;  
 Enters their houses and their hearts,  
 And gains his point before he parts.  
 Sure never minister was known  
 So zealous for his sov'reign's throne !

Three sisters, similar in mien,  
 Were maids of honour to the Queen;  
 Who farther favours shar'd beside,  
 As daughters of her statesman Pride,  
 The first Conceit, with tow'ring crest,  
 Who look'd with scorn upon the rest;  
 Fond of herself, not less, I deem,  
 Than duchess in her own esteem.

Next Affectation, fair and young,  
 With half-form'd accents on her tongue,  
 Whose antic shapes, and various face,  
 Distorted every native grace.

Then Vanity, a wanton maid,  
 Flaunting in Brussels and brocade;  
 Fantastic, frolicksome, and wild,  
 With all the trinkets of a child.

The people, loyal to the Queen,  
 Wore their attachment in their mien:  
 With chearful heart they homage paid,  
 And happiest he, who most obey'd;  
 While they who sought their own applause,  
 Promoted most their sov'reign's cause.  
 The minds of all were fraught with guile,  
 Their manners dissolute and vile;  
 And every tribe, like pagans, run  
 To kneel before the rising sun.

But now some clam'rous sounds arise,  
 And all the pleasing vision flies.

Once more I clos'd my eyes to sleep,  
And gain'd th' imaginary deep ;  
Fancy presid'd at the helm,  
And steer'd me back to Friendship's realm.  
But oh ! with horror I relate  
The revolutions of her state.  
The Trojan chief cou'd hardly more  
His Asiatic tow'rs deplore.

For Flatt'ry view'd those fairer plains  
With longing eyes, where Friendship reigns ;  
With envy heard her neighbour's fame,  
And often sigh'd to gain the same.  
At length, by pride and int'rest fir'd,  
To Friendship's kingdom she aspir'd.

And now commencing open foe,  
She plans in thought some mighty blow ;  
Draws out her forces on the green,  
And marches to invade the Queen.

The river Truth the hosts withstood,  
And roll'd her formidable flood :  
Her current strong, and deep, and clear,  
No fords were found, no ferries near :  
But as the troops approach'd the waves,  
Their fears suggest a thousand graves ;  
They all retir'd with haste extreme,  
And shudder'd at the dang'rous stream.

Hypocrisy the gulph explores ;  
She forms a bridge, and joins the shores.  
Thus often art or fraud prevails,  
When military prowess fails.  
The troops an easy passage find,  
And Vict'ry follows close behind.

Friendship with ardor charg'd her foes,  
And now the fight promiscuous grows ;

But Flatt'ry threw a poison'd dart,  
 And pierc'd the empress to the heart.  
 The Virtues all around were seen  
 To fall in heaps about the Queen.  
 The tyrant stript the mangled fair,  
 She wore her spoils, assum'd her air;  
 And mounting next the sufferer's throne,  
 Claim'd the Queen's titles as her own.

Ah! injur'd maid, aloud I cry'd,  
 Ah! injur'd maid, the rocks reply'd.  
 But judge my griefs, and share them too,  
 For the sad tale pertains to you;  
 Judge, reader, how severe the wound,  
 When Friendship's foes were mine, I found;  
 When the sad scene of pride and guile  
 Was Britain's poor degen'rate isle.

The Amazons, who propp'd the state,  
 Haply surviv'd the general fate.  
 Justice to Powis-House is fled,  
 And Yorke sustains her radiant head.  
 The Virtue Fortitude appears  
 In open day at Ligonier's;  
 Illustrious heroine of the sky,  
 Who leads to vanquish or to die!  
 'Twas she our vet'rans breasts inspir'd,  
 When Belgia's faithless sons retir'd:  
 For Tournay's treach'rous tow'rs can tell  
 Britannia's children greatly fell.

No partial Virtue of the plain!  
 She rous'd the lions of the main:

Hence \* Vernon's little fleet succeeds,  
 And hence the gen'rous § Cornwall bleeds.  
 Hence || Grenville glorious!—for she smil'd  
 On the young hero from a child.

Tho' in high life such virtues dwell,  
 They'll suit plebeian breasts as well.  
 Say, that the mighty and the great  
 Blaze like meridian suns of state;  
 Effulgent excellence display,  
 Like Halifax, in floods of day;  
 Our lesser orbs may pour their light,  
 Like the mild crescent of the night:  
 Tho' pale our beams, and small our sphere,  
 Still we may shine serene and clear.

Give to the judge the scarlet gown,  
 To martial souls the civic crown:  
 What then? Is merit theirs alone?  
 Have we no worth to call our own?  
 Shall we not vindicate our part  
 In the firm breast, and upright heart?  
 Reader, these virtues may be thine,  
 Tho' in superior life they shine.  
 I can't discharge great Hardwicke's trust—  
 True——but my soul may still be just.  
 And tho' I can't the state defend,  
 I'll draw the sword to serve my friend.

\* At Porto Bello.

§ Against the combin'd fleets of France and Spain.

|| Died in a later engagement with the French fleet.

Two golden Virtues are behind,  
Of equal import to the mind ;  
Prudence, to point out Wisdom's way,  
Or to reclaim us when we stray ;  
Temp'rance, to guard the youthful heart,  
When Vice and Folly throw the dart.  
Each Virtue, let the world agree,  
Daily resides with you and me :  
And when our souls in friendship join,  
We'll deem the social bond divine ;  
Thro' ev'ry scene maintain our trust,  
Nor e'er be timid or unjust.  
That breast where Honour builds his throne,  
That breast which Virtue calls her own,  
Nor int'rest warps, nor fear appals,  
When danger frowns, or lucre calls.  
No ! the true friend collected stands,  
Fearless his heart, and pure his hands.  
Let Int'rest plead, let storms arise,  
He dares be honest, tho' he dies !

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MAR-

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ect.

## MARRIAGE.

## VISION VII.

Inscrib'd to Miss \* \* \*.

**F**AIREST, this vision is thy due,  
 I form'd th' instructive plan for you.  
 Slight not the rules of thoughtful age,  
 Your welfare actuates every page;  
 But ponder well my sacred theme,  
 And tremble, while you read my dream.  
 Those awful words "till death do part,"  
 May well alarm the youthful heart:  
 No after-thought when once a wife;  
 The die is cast, and cast for life:  
 Yet thousands venture ev'ry day,  
 As some base passion leads the way.  
 Pert Silvia talks of wedlock-scenes,  
 Tho' hardly enter'd on her teens;  
 Smiles on her whining spark, and hears  
 The sugar'd speech with raptur'd ears;  
 Impatient of a parent's rule,  
 She leaves her fire and weds a fool.  
 Want enters at the guardless door,  
 And Love is fled, to come no more.

Some few there are of sordid mould,  
 Who barter youth and bloom for gold;  
 Careless with what or whom they mate,  
 Their ruling passion's all for state.  
 But Hymen, gen'rous, just, and kind,  
 Abhors the mercenary mind:  
 Such rebels groan beneath his rod,  
 For Hymen's a vindictive god;

Be joyless ev'ry night, he said,  
And barren be their nuptial bed.

Attend, my fair, to Wisdom's voice,  
A better fate shall crown thy choice.  
A married life, to speak the best,  
Is all a lottery confest ;  
Yet if my fair-one will be wife,  
I will insure my girl a prize ;  
Tho' not a prize to match thy worth,  
Perhaps thy equal's not on earth.

'Tis an important point to know,  
There's no perfection here below.  
Man's an odd compound, after all,  
And ever has been since the Fall.  
Say, that he loves you from his soul,  
Still man is proud, nor brooks controul ;  
And tho' a slave in love's soft school,  
In wedlock claims his right to rule.  
The best, in short, has faults about him ;  
If few those faults, you must not flout him.  
With some, indeed, you can't dispense,  
As want of temper and of sense ;  
For when the sun deserts the skies,  
And the dull winter evenings rise,  
Then for a husband's social pow'r  
To form the calm, converseive hour ;  
The treasures of thy breast explore,  
From the rich mine to draw the ore ;  
Fondly each gen'rous thought refine ;  
And give thy native gold to shine ;  
Shew thee, as really thou art,  
Tho' fair, yet fairer still at heart.

Say, when life's purple blossoms fade,  
As soon they must, thou charming maid ;

When in thy cheek the roses die,  
And sickness clouds that brilliant eye ;  
Say, when or age or pains invade,  
And those dear limbs shall call for aid ;  
If thou art fetter'd to a fool,  
Shall not his transient passion cool !  
And when thy health and beauty end,  
Shall thy weak mate persist a friend !  
But to a man of sense, my dear,  
Ev'n then thou lovely shalt appear ;  
He'll share the griefs that wound thy heart,  
And weeping claim the larger part ;  
Tho' age impairs that beauteous face,  
He'll prize the pearl beyond its case.

In wedlock when the sexes meet,  
Friendship is only then complete.  
" Blest state ! where souls each other draw,  
" Where love is liberty and law !"  
The choicest blessing found below !  
That man can wish, or Heaven bestow.  
Trust me, these raptures are divine,  
For lovely Chloë once was mine !  
Nor fear the varnish of my style,  
Tho' poet, I'm estrang'd to guile.  
Ah me ! my faithful lips impart  
The genuine language of my heart !

When bards extol their patrons high,  
Perhaps 'tis gold extorts the lie ;  
Perhaps the poor reward of bread——  
But who burns incense to the dead !  
He, whom a fond affection draws,  
Careless of censure or applause ;  
Whose soul is upright and sincere,  
With nought to wish, and nought to fear.

Now to my visionary scheme:  
Attend, and profit by my dream.

Amidst the slumbers of the night,  
A stately temple rose to sight;  
And ancient as the human race,  
If Nature's purposes you trace.  
This fane, by all the wise rever'd,  
To wedlock's pow'rful god was rear'd.  
Hard by I saw a graceful sage,  
His locks were frosted o'er by age;  
His garb was plain, his mind serene,  
And wisdom dignify'd his mien.  
With curious search his name I sought,  
And found 'twas Hymen's fav'rite—Thought.

Apace the giddy crowds advance,  
And a lewd satyr led the dance.

I griev'd to see whole thousands run,  
For oh! what thousands were undone!  
The sage, when these mad troops he spy'd,  
In pity flew to join their side:  
The disconcerted pairs began  
To rail against him, to a man;  
Vow'd they were strangers to his name,  
Nor knew from whence the dotard came.

But mark the sequel——for this truth  
Highly concerns impetuous youth.  
Long ere the honey-moon could wane,  
Perdition seiz'd on ev'ry twain;  
At ev'ry house, and all day long,  
Repentance ply'd her scorpion thong;  
Disgust was there with frowning mien,  
And every wayward child of Spleen.

Hymen approach'd his awful fane,  
Attended by a numerous train:

Love with each soft and nameless grace,  
 Was first in favour and in place :  
 Then came the god with solemn gait,  
 Whose ev'ry word was big with fate ;  
 His hand a flaming taper bore,  
 That sacred symbol, fam'd of yore :  
 Virtue, adorn'd with ev'ry charm,  
 Sustain'd the god's incumbent arm :  
 Beauty improv'd the glowing scene  
 With all the roses of eighteen :  
 Youth led the gayly-smiling fair,  
 His purple pinions wav'd in air :  
 Wealth, a close hunk, walk'd hobbling nigh,  
 With vulture-claw, and eagle-eye,  
 Who threescore years had seen, or more,  
 ('Tis said his coat had seen a score ;)  
 Proud was the wretch, tho' clad in rags,  
 Presuming much upon his bags.

A female next her arts display'd,  
 Poets alone can paint the maid :  
 Trust me, Hogarth, (tho' great thy fame)  
 'Twould pose thy skill to draw the same ;  
 And yet thy mimic pow'r is more  
 Than ever painter's was before :  
 Now she was fair as cygnet's down,  
 Now as Mat Prior's Emma brown ;  
 And changing as the changing flow'r,  
 Her dress she varied every hour :  
 'Twas Fancy, child !—You know the fair,  
 Who pins your gown, and sets your hair.  
 Lo ! the god mounts his throne of state,  
 And sits the arbiter of fate :  
 His head with radiant glories dress'd,  
 Gently reclin'd on Virtue's breast :

Love took his station on the right,  
His quiver beam'd with golden light.  
Beauty usurp'd the second place,  
Ambitious of distinguish'd grace ;  
She claim'd this ceremonial toy,  
Because related to the boy ;  
(Said it was her's to point his dart,  
And speed its passage to the heart)  
While on the god's inferior hand  
Fancy and Wealth obtain'd their stand.

And now the hallow'd rites proceed,  
And now a thousand heart-strings bleed.  
I saw a blooming trembling bride,  
A toothless lover join'd her side ;  
Averse she turn'd her weeping face,  
And shudder'd at the cold embrace.

But various baits their force impart :  
Thus titles lie at Celia's heart :  
A passion much too foul to name,  
Costs supercilious prudes their fame :  
Prudes wed to publicans and sinners,  
The hungry poet weds for dinners.

The god with frown indignant view'd  
The rabble covetous or lewd ;  
By ev'ry vice his altar stain'd,  
By ev'ry fool his rites profan'd :  
When Love complain'd of Wealth aloud,  
Affirming Wealth debauch'd the croud ;  
Drew up in form his heavy charge,  
Desiring to be heard at large.

The god consents, the throng divide,  
The young espous'd the plaintiff's side :  
The old declar'd for the defendant,  
For age is money's sworn attendant.

Love said, that wedlock was design'd  
By gracious Heav'n to match the mind ;  
To pair the tender and the just,  
And his the delegated trust :  
That Wealth had play'd a knavish part,  
And taught the tongue to wrong the heart :  
But what avails the faithless voice ?  
The injur'd heart disdains the choice.——

Wealth strait reply'd, that Love was blind,  
And talk'd at random of the mind :  
That killing eyes and bleeding hearts,  
And all th' artillery of darts,  
Were long ago exploded fancies,  
And laugh'd at even in romances.  
Poets indeed style love a treat,  
Perhaps for want of better meat :  
And love might be delicious fare,  
Cou'd we, like poets, live in air.  
But grant that angels feast on love,  
(Those purer essences above)  
Yet Albion's sons, he understood,  
Preferr'd a more substantial food.  
Thus while with gibes he dress'd his cause,  
His gay admirers hemm'd applause.

With seeming conquest pert and proud,  
Wealth shook his sides and chuckled loud ;  
When Fortune, to restrain his pride,  
And fond to favour Love beside,  
Op'ning the miser's tape-ty'd vest,  
Disclos'd the cares which stung his breast :  
Wealth stood abash'd at his disgrace,  
And a deep crimson flush'd his face.

Love sweetly simper'd at the sight,  
His gay adherents laugh'd outright.

The god, tho' grave his temper, smil'd,  
For Hymen dearly priz'd the child.  
But he who triumphs o'er his brother,  
In turn is laugh'd at by another.  
Such cruel scores we often find  
Repaid the criminal in kind.  
For Poverty, that famish'd fiend,  
Ambitious of a wealthy friend,  
Advanc'd into the miser's place,  
And star'd the stripling in the face;  
Whose lips grew pale, and cold as clay;  
I thought the chit would swoon away.

The god was studious to employ  
His cares to aid the vanquish'd boy;  
And therefore issu'd his decree,  
That the two parties strait agree;  
When both obey'd the god's commands,  
And Love and Riches join'd their hands.

What wonderous change in each was wrought,  
Believe me, far surpasses thought.

If Love had many charms before,  
He now had charms ten thousand more.  
If Wealth had serpents in his breast,  
They now were dead, or lull'd to rest.

Beauty, that vain affected thing,  
Who join'd the hymeneal ring,  
Approach'd with round unthinking face,  
And thus the trifler states her case.

She said, that Love's complaints, 'twas known,  
Exactly tally'd with her own;  
That Wealth had learn'd the felon's arts,  
And robb'd her of a thousand hearts;  
Desiring judgment against Wealth,  
For falsehood, perjury, and stealth;

All which she cou'd on oath depose,  
And hop'd the court would slit his nose.

But Hymen, when he heard her name,  
Call'd her an interloping dame ;  
Look'd thro' the croud with angry state,  
And blam'd the porter at the gate,  
For giving entrance to the fair,  
When she was no essential there.

To sink this haughty tyrant's pride,  
He order'd Fancy to preside.  
Hence when debates on beauty rise,  
And each bright fair disputes the prize,  
To Fancy's court we strait apply,  
And wait the sentence of her eye :  
In Beauty's realm she holds the seals,  
And her awards preclude appeals.

LIFE.

## L I F E.

## V I S I O N VIII.

**L**ET not the young my precepts shun,  
 Who slight good counsels, are undone.  
 Your poet sung of love's delights,  
 Of halcyon days and joyous nights;  
 To the gay fancy lovely themes;  
 And fain I'd hope they're more than dreams,  
 But, if you please, before we part,  
 I'd speak a language to your heart.  
 We'll talk of Life, tho' much I fear,  
 Th' ungrateful tale will wound your ear.  
 You raise your sanguine thoughts too high,  
 And hardly know the reason why:  
 But say life's tree bears golden fruit,  
 Some canker shall corrode the root;  
 Some unexpected storm shall rise;  
 Or scorching suns, or chilling skies;  
 And (if experienc'd truths avail)  
 All your autumnal hopes shall fail.

“ But, poet, whence such wide extremes ?

“ Well may you stile your labours dreams.

“ A son of sorrow thou, I ween,

“ Whose visions are the brats of Spleen.

“ Is bliss a vague unmeaning name ?—

“ Speak then the Passions' use or aim ;

“ Why rage Desires without controul,

“ And rouse such whirlwinds in the soul ?

“ Why Hope erects her tow'ring crest,

“ And laughs, and riots in the breast ?

- " Think not my weaker brain turns round,  
 " Think not I tread on fairy ground.  
 " Think not your pulse alone beats true,—  
 " Mine makes as healthful music too.  
 " Our joys, when life's soft spring we trace,  
 " Put forth their early buds apace.  
 " See the bloom loads the tender shoot,  
 " The bloom conceals the future fruit.  
 " Yes, manhood's warm meridian sun  
 " Shall ripen what in spring begun.  
 " Thus infant roses, ere they blow,  
 " In germinating clusters grow ;  
 " And only wait the summer's ray,  
 " To burst and blossom to the day."

What said the gay unthinking boy !—

Methought Hilario talk'd of joy !

Tell, if thou canst, whence joys arise,  
 Or what those mighty joys you prize.  
 You'll find (and trust superior years)  
 The vale of life a vale of tears.  
 Could wisdom teach where joys abound,  
 Or riches purchase them when found,  
 Wou'd scepter'd Solomon complain,  
 That all was fleeting, false, and vain ?  
 Yet scepter'd Solomon cou'd say,  
 Returning clouds obscur'd his day :  
 Those maxims which the Preacher drew,  
 The royal sage experienc'd true.  
 He knew the various ills that wait  
 Our infant and meridian state ;  
 That toys our earliest thoughts engage,  
 And diff'rent toys maturer age ;  
 That grief at ev'ry stage appears,  
 But diff'rent griefs at diff'rent years ;

That vanity is seen, in part,  
Inscrib'd on ev'ry human heart ;  
In the child's breast the spark began,  
Grows with his growth, and glares in man.  
But when in life we journey late,  
If follies die, do griefs abate ?  
Ah ! what is life at fourscore years—  
One dark rough road of sighs, groans, pains, and tears !

Perhaps you'll think I act the same,  
As a sly sharper plays his game :  
You triumph ev'ry deal that's past,  
He's sure to triumph at the last ;  
Who often wins some thousands more  
Than twice the sums you won before.  
But I'm a loser with the rest,  
For life is all a deal at best ;  
Where not the prize of wealth or fame  
Repay the trouble of the game  
(A truth no winner e'er deny'd,  
An hour before that winner dy'd).  
Not that with me these prizes shine,  
For neither fame nor wealth are mine.  
My cards !—a weak plebeian band,  
With scarce an honour in my hand.  
And since my trumps are very few,  
What have I more to boast than you !  
Nor am I gainer by your fall !  
That harlot Fortune bubbles all !

'Tis truth (receive it ill or well)  
'Tis melancholy truth I tell.  
Why should the preacher take your pence,  
And smother truth to flatter sense ?  
I'm sure, physicians have no merit,  
Who kill thro' lenity of spirit.

That life's a game, divines confess,  
This says at cards, and that at chess :  
But if our views be center'd here,  
'Tis all a losing game, I fear.

Sailors, you know, when wars obtain,  
And hostile vessels croud the main,  
If they discover from afar  
A bark as distant as a star,  
Hold the perspective to their eyes,  
To learn its colours, strength, and size ;  
And when this secret once they know,  
Make ready to receive the foe.  
Let you and I from sailors learn  
Important truths of like concern.

I clos'd the day, as custom led,  
With reading, till the time of bed ;  
Where Fancy, at the midnight hour,  
Again display'd her magic pow'r  
(For know, that Fancy, like a spright,  
Prefers the silent scenes of night).  
She lodg'd me in a neighb'ring wood,  
No matter where the thicket stood ;  
The Genius of the place was nigh,  
And held two pictures to my eye.  
The curious painter had portray'd  
Life in each just and genuine shade.  
They who have only known its dawn,  
May think these lines too deeply drawn ;  
But riper years, I fear, will shew  
That wiser artists paint too true.

One piece presents a rueful wild,  
Where not a summer's sun had smil'd :  
The road with thorns is cover'd wide,  
And Grief sits weeping by the side ;

Her tears with constant tenor flow,  
And form a mournful lake below ;  
Whose silent waters, dark and deep,  
Thro' all the gloomy valley creep.

Passions that flatter or that slay,  
Are beasts that fawn, or birds that prey.  
Here Vice assumes the serpent's shape ;  
There Folly personates the ape ;  
Here Av'rice gripes with harpies' claws ;  
There Malice grins with tygers' jaws ;  
While sons of mischief, art, and guile,  
Are alligators of the Nile.

Ev'n Pleasure acts a treach'rous part,  
She charms the sense, but stings the heart :  
And when she gulls us of our wealth,  
Or that superior pearl our health,  
Restores us nought but pains and woe,  
And drowns us in the lake below.

There a commission'd angel stands,  
With desolation in his hands !  
He sends the all-devouring flame,  
And cities hardly boast a name ;  
Or wings the pestilential blast,  
And lo ! ten thousands breathe their last.  
He speaks--obedient tempests roar,  
And guilty nations are no more :  
He speaks--the fury Discord raves,  
And sweeps whole armies to their graves :  
Or Famine lifts her mildew'd hand,  
And Hunger howls thro' all the land.

Oh ! what a wretch is man, I cry'd,  
Expos'd to death on ev'ry side !  
And sure as born, to be undone  
By evils which he cannot shun !

Besides a thousand baits to sin,  
A thousand traitors lodg'd within !  
For soon as Vice assaults the heart,  
The rebels take the demon's part.

I sigh, my aching bosom bleeds ;  
When straight the milder plan succeeds,  
The lake of tears, the dreary shore,  
The same as in the piece before.  
But gleams of light are here display'd,  
To cheer the eye and gild the shade.  
Affliction speaks a softer style,  
And Disappointment wears a smile ;  
A group of virtues blossom near,  
Their roots improve by ev'ry tear.

Here Patience, gentle maid ! is nigh,  
To calm the storm, and wipe the eye ;  
Hope acts the kind physician's part,  
And warms the solitary heart ;  
Religion nobler comfort brings,  
Disarms our griefs, or blunts their stings ;  
Points out the balance on the whole,  
And Heav'n rewards the struggling soul.

But while these raptures I pursue,  
The Genius suddenly withdrew,

DEATH.

## D E A T H.

## VISION THE LAST.

'TIS thought my Visions are too grave\* ;

A proof I'm no designing knave.

Perhaps if Interest held the scales,  
I had devis'd quite diff'rent tales ;  
Had join'd the laughing low buffoon,  
And scribbled satire and lampoon ;  
Or stirr'd each source of soft desire,  
And fann'd the coals of wanton fire :  
Then had my paltry Visions sold,  
Yes, all my dreams had turn'd to gold ;  
Had prov'd the darlings of the Town,  
And I—a poet of renown !

Let not my awful theme surprise,  
Let no unmanly fears arise.  
I wear no melancholy hue,  
No wreaths of cypress or of yew.  
The shroud, the coffin, pall, or hearse,  
Shall ne'er deform my softer verse.  
Let me consign the fun'ral plume,  
The herald's paint, the sculptur'd tomb,  
And all the solemn farce of graves,  
To undertakers and their slaves.

You know, that moral writers say,  
The world's a stage, and life a play :

\* See the Monthly Review of new books for  
February, 1751.

That in this drama to succeed,  
 Requires much thought and toil indeed !  
 There still remains one labour more,  
 Perhaps a greater than before.  
 Indulge the search, and you shall find  
 The harder task is still behind ;  
 That harder task, to quit the stage  
 In early youth, or riper age ;  
 To leave the company and place  
 With firmness, dignity, and grace.

Come, then, the closing scenes survey,  
 'Tis the last act that crowns the play.  
 Do well this grand decisive part,  
 And gain the plaudit of your heart.  
 Few greatly live, in wisdom's eye—  
 But oh ! how few who greatly die !  
 Who, when their days approach an end,  
 Can meet the foe, as friend meets friend.

Instructive heroes ! tell us whence  
 Your noble scorn of flesh and sense !  
 You part from all we prize so dear,  
 Nor drop one soft reluctant tear ;  
 Part from those tender joys of life,  
 The friend, the parent, child, and wife :  
 Death's black and stormy gulph you brave,  
 And ride exulting on the wave ;  
 Deem thrones but trifles all !—no more—  
 Nor send one wishful look to shore.

For foreign ports and lands unknown,  
 Thus the firm sailor leaves his own ;  
 Obedient to the rising gale  
 Unmoors his bark, and spr eads his sail ;  
 Defies the ocean, and the wind,  
 Nor mourns the joys he leaves behind.

Is Death a pow'rful monarch ? True—  
Perhaps you dread the tyrant too !  
Fear, like a fog, precludes the light,  
Or swells the object to the sight.  
Attend my visionary page,  
And I'll disarm the tyrant's rage.  
Come, let this ghastly form appear,  
He's not so terrible when near.  
Distance deludes th' unwary eye,  
So clouds seem monsters in the sky :  
Hold frequent converse with him now,  
He'll daily wear a milder brow.  
Why is my theme with terror fraught ?  
Because you shun the frequent thought.  
Say, when the captive pard is nigh,  
Whence thy pale cheek and frightened eye !  
Say, why dismay'd thy manly breast,  
When the grim lion shakes his crest !  
Because these savage fights are new——  
No keeper shudders at the view.  
Keepers, accustom'd to the scene,  
Approach the dens with look serene ;  
Fearless their grisly charge explore,  
And smile to hear the tyrants roar.

“ Ay—but to die ! to bid adieu !

“ An everlasting farewell too !

“ Farewell to ev'ry joy around !

“ Oh ! the heart sickens at the sound.”

Stay, stripling—Thou art poorly taught—  
Joy, didst thou say ! Discard the thought.  
Joys are a rich celestial fruit,  
And scorn a sublunary root ;  
What wears the face of joy below,  
Is often found but splendid woe.

Joys here, like unsubstantial fame,  
Are nothings with a pompous name ;  
Or else, like comets in the sphere,  
Shine with destruction in their rear.

Passions, like clouds, obscure the sight,  
Hence mortals seldom judge aright.  
The world's a harsh unfruitful soil,  
Yet still we hope, and still we toil ;  
Deceive ourselves with wond'rous art,  
And disappointment wrings the heart.

Thus when a mist collects around,  
And hovers o'er a barren ground,  
The poor deluded trav'ler spies  
Imagin'd trees and structures rise ;  
But when the shrouded sun is clear,  
The desert and the rocks appear.

" Ah—but when youthful blood runs high,  
" Sure 'tis a dreadful thing to die !  
" To die ! and what exalts the gloom,  
" I'm told, that man survives the tomb !  
" O ! can the learned prelate find  
" What future scenes await the mind !  
" Where wings the soul, dislodg'd from clay !  
" Some courteous angel point the way !  
" That unknown Somewhere in the skies !  
" Say, where that unknown Somewhere lies ;  
" And kindly prove, when life is o'er,  
" That pains and sorrows are no more.  
" For doubtless dying is a curse,  
" If present ills be chang'd for worse."

Hush, my young friend, forego the theme,  
And listen to your poet's dream.

Ere while I took an evening walk,  
Honorio join'd in social talk.

Along the lawns the zephyrs sweep,  
Each ruder wind was lull'd asleep.  
The sky, all-beauteous to behold,  
Was streak'd with azure, green, and gold ;  
But tho' serenely soft and fair,  
Fever hung brooding in the air ;  
Then settled on Honorio's breast,  
Which shudder'd at the fatal guest,  
No drugs the kindly wish fulfil,  
Disease eludes the doctor's pill.  
The poison spreads through all the frame,  
Ferments and kindles into flame.  
From side to side Honorio turns,  
And now with thirst insatiate burns.  
His eyes resign their wonted grace,  
Those friendly lamps expire apace !  
The brain's an useless organ grown,  
And Reason tumbled from his throne.—

But while the purple surges glow,  
The currents thicken as they flow ;  
The blood in ev'ry distant part  
Stagnates and disappoints the heart ;  
Defrauded of its crimson store,  
The vital engine plays no more.

Honorio dead, the fun'ral bell  
Call'd ev'ry friend to bid farewell,  
I join'd the melancholy bier,  
And dropp'd the unavailing tear.

The clock struck twelve—when nature sought  
Repose from all the pangs of thought ;  
And while my limbs were sunk to rest,  
A vision sooth'd my troubled breast.

I dreamt the spectre Death appear'd,  
I dreamt his hollow voice I heard !

Methought th' imperial tyrant wore  
A state no prince assum'd before.  
All nature fetch'd a gen'ral groan,  
And lay expiring round his throne.

I gaz'd—when strait arose to fight  
The most detested fiend of night.  
He shuffled with unequal pace,  
And conscious shame deform'd his face;  
With jealous leer he squinted round,  
Or fix'd his eyes upon the ground.  
From hell this frightful monster came,  
Sin was his fire, and Guilt his name.

This fury, with officious care,  
Waited around the sov'reign's chair;  
In robes of terrors dress'd the king,  
And arm'd him with a baneful sting;  
Gave fierceness to the tyrant's eye,  
And hung the sword upon his thigh.  
Diseases next, a hideous crowd!  
Proclaim'd their master's empire loud;  
And, all obedient to his will,  
Flew in commission'd troops to kill.

A rising whirlwind shakes the poles,  
And lightning glares, and thunder rolls.  
The monarch and his train prepare  
To range the foul tempestuous air.  
Strait to his shoulders he applies  
Two pinions of enormous size!  
Methought I saw the ghastly form  
Stretch his black wings, and mount the storm;  
When Fancy's airy horse I strode,  
And join'd the army on the road.  
As the grim conq'ror urg'd his way,  
He scatter'd terror and dismay;

Thousands a pensive aspect wore,  
Thousands who sneer'd at death before.  
Life's records rise on ev'ry side,  
And Conscience spreads those volumes wide ;  
Which faithful registers were brought  
By pale-ey'd Fear and busy Thought.  
Those faults which artful men conceal,  
Stand here engrav'd with pen of steel,  
By Conscience, that impartial scribe !  
Whose honest palm disdains a bribe.  
Their actions all like critics view,  
And all like faithful critics too.  
As guilt had stain'd life's various stage,  
What tears of blood bedew'd the page !  
All shudder'd at the black account,  
And scarce believ'd the vast amount !  
All vow'd a sudden change of heart,  
You'd Death relent, and sheathe his dart,  
But, when the awful foe withdrew,  
All to their follies fled anew.

So when a wolf, who scours at large,  
Springs on the shepherd's fleecy charge,  
The flock in wild disorder fly,  
And cast behind a frequent eye ;  
But when the victim's borne away,  
They rush to pasture and to play.

Indulge my dream, and let my pen  
Paint those unmeaning creatures, men.  
Carus, with pain and sickness worn,  
Bides the slow night, and sighs for morn.  
Soon as he views the eastern ray,  
He mourns the quick return of day ;  
Hourly laments protracted breath,  
And courts the healing hand of Death.

Verres, oppress'd with guilt and shame,  
 Shipwreck'd in fortune, health, and fame,  
 Pines for his dark sepulchral bed,  
 To mingle with th' unheeded dead.

With fourscore years grey Natho bends,  
 A burthen to himself and friends;  
 And with impatience seems to wait  
 The friendly hand of ling'ring Fate.  
 So hirelings with their labour done,  
 And often eye the western sun,

The monarch hears their various grief,  
 Descends, and brings the wish'd relief.  
 On Death with wild surprize they star'd,  
 All seem averse! all unprepar'd!

As torrents sweep with rapid force,  
 The grave's pale chief pursu'd his course.  
 No human pow'r can or withstand  
 Or shun the conquests of his hand.  
 Oh! could the prince of upright mind,  
 And, as a guardian angel, kind,  
 With ev'ry heart-felt worth beside,  
 Turn the keen shaft of Death aside,  
 When wou'd the brave Augustus join  
 The ashes of his sacred line!  
 But Death maintains no partial war,  
 He mocks a sultan or a czar.  
 He lays his iron hand on all——  
 Yes, kings, and sons of kings, must fall!  
 A truth Britannia lately felt,  
 And trembled to her center!——\*

Could ablest statesmen ward the blow,  
 Wou'd Granville own this common foe;  
 For greater talents ne'er were known  
 To grace the fav'rite of a throne.

\* Referring to the death of his late Royal Highness  
 Frederick Prince of Wales.

Cou'd genius save—wit, learning, fire—  
 Tell me, wou'd Chesterfield expire !  
 Say, wou'd his glorious sun decline,  
 And set like your pale star or mine ?

Cou'd ev'ry virtue of the sky——  
 Wou'd Herring \*, Butler †, Secker ‡ die !

Why this address to peerage all—  
 Untitled Allen's virtues call !

If Allen's worth demands a place,  
 Lords, with your leave, 'tis no disgrace.  
 Tho' high your ranks in heralds' rolls,  
 Know Virtue too ennobles souls.

By her that private Man's renown'd,  
 Who pours a thousand blessings round.  
 While Allen takes Affliction's part,  
 And draws out all his gen'rous heart ;  
 Anxious to seize the fleeting day,  
 Left unimprov'd it steals away ;  
 While thus he walks with jealous strife  
 Thro' goodness, as he walks thro' life,  
 Shall not I mark his radiant path !—  
 Rise, Muse, and sing the Man of Bath ;  
 Publish abroad, cou'd Goodness save,  
 Allen wou'd disappoint the grave ;  
 Translated to the heav'nly shore,  
 Like Enoch, when his walk was o'er.

Not Beauty's pow'rful pleas restrain—  
 Her pleas are trifling, weak, and vain ;  
 For women pierce with shrieks the air,  
 & smite their bare breasts and rend their hair,

\* Abp. of Canterbury.

† Late Bp. of Durham.

‡ Bp. of Oxford.

All have a doleful tale to tell,  
How friends, sons, daughters, husbands fell.

Alas ! is life our fav'rite theme !  
'Tis all a vain, or painful dream ;  
A dream, which fools or cowards prize,  
But slighted by the brave or wise.  
Who lives, for others' ills must groan,  
Or bleed for sorrows of his own ;  
Must journey on with weeping eye,  
Then pant, sink, agonize, and die.

And shall a man arraign the skies,  
Because man lives, and mourns, and dies ?  
Impatient reptile ! Reason cry'd ;  
Arraign thy passion and thy pride.  
Retire, and commune with thy heart,  
Ask, whence thou cam'st, and what thou art,  
Explore thy body and thy mind,  
Thy station too, why here assign'd.  
The search shall teach thee life to prize,  
And make thee grateful, good, and wise.  
Why do you roam to foreign climes,  
To study nations, modes, and times ;  
A science often dearly bought,  
And often what avails you nought ?  
Go, man, and act a wiser part,  
Study the science of your heart.  
This home philosophy, you know,  
Was priz'd some thousand years ago \*.  
Then why abroad a frequent guest !  
Why such a stranger to your breast !  
Why turn so many volumes o'er,  
Till Doddsley can supply no more !

\* Know thyself, a celebrated saying of Chilo, one  
of the Seven Wise Men of Greece.

Not all the volumes on thy shelf  
Are worth that single volume, Self.  
For who this sacred book declines,  
Howe'er in other arts he shines ;  
Tho' smit with Pindar's noble rage,  
Or vers'd in Tully's manly page ;  
Tho' deeply read in Plato's school ;  
With all his knowledge is a fool.

Proclaim the truth — Say, what is man ?  
His body from the dust began ;  
And when a few short years are o'er,  
The crumbling fabric is no more.

But whence the Soul ! From heav'n it came !  
Oh ! prize this intellectual flame ;  
This nobler Self with rapture scan,  
'Tis mind alone which makes the man.  
Trust me, there's not a joy on earth,  
But from the soul derives its birth.  
Ask the young rake (he'll answer right)  
Who treats by day, and drinks by night,  
What makes his entertainments shine,  
What gives the relish to his wine ;  
He'll tell thee, (if he scorns the beast)  
That social pleasures form the feast.  
The charms of beauty too shall cloy,  
Unless the soul exalts the joy.  
The mind must animate the face,  
Or cold and tasteless ev'ry grace.

What ! must the Soul her pow'rs dispense,  
To raise and swell the joys of Sense ?  
Know too, the joys of Sense controul,  
And clog the motions of the Soul ;  
Forbid her pinions to aspire,  
Damp and impair her native fire ;

And sure as Sense (that tyrant !) reigns,  
 She holds the empress, Soul, in chains.  
 Inglorious bondage to the mind,  
 Heav'n-born, sublime, and unconfin'd !  
 She's independent, fair, and great,  
 And justly claims a large estate ;  
 She asks no borrow'd aids to shine,  
 She boasts within a golden mine ;  
 But like the treasures of Peru,  
 Her wealth lies deep and far from view.  
 Say, shall the man who knows her worth,  
 Debase her dignity and birth ;  
 Or e'er repine at Heav'n's decree,  
 Who kindly gave her leave to be ;  
 Call'd her from nothing into day,  
 And built her tenement of clay ?  
 Hear and accept me for your guide,  
 (Reason shall ne'er desert your side)  
 Who listens to my wiser voice,  
 Can't but applaud his Maker's choice ;  
 Pleas'd with that first and sov'reign cause,  
 Pleas'd with unerring Wisdom's laws ;  
 Secur'e, since sov'reign goodness reigns ;  
 Secur'e, since sov'reign pow'r obtains.

With curious eyes review thy frame,  
 This science shall direct thy claim.  
 Dost thou indulge a double view,  
 A long, long life, and happy too ?  
 Perhaps a farther boon you crave—  
 To lie down easy in the grave !  
 Know then my dictates must prevail,  
 Or surely each fond wish shall fail.—  
 Come then, is Happiness thy aim ?  
 Let mental joys be all thy game.

Repeat the search, and mend your pace,  
 The capture shall reward the chace.  
 Let ev'ry minute, as it springs,  
 Convey fresh knowledge on its wings ;  
 Let ev'ry minute, as it flies,  
 Record the good as well as wise.  
 While such pursuits your thoughts engage,  
 In a few years you'll live an age.  
 Who measures life by rolling years !  
 Fools measure by revolving spheres.—  
 Go thou, and fetch th' unerring rule  
 From Virtue's and from Wisdom's school.  
 Who well improves life's shortest day,  
 Will scarce regret its setting ray ;  
 Contented with his share of light,  
 Nor fear nor wish th' approach of night.  
 And when disease assaults the heart,  
 When sickness triumphs over art,  
 Reflections on a life well past  
 Shall prove a cordial to the last ;  
 This med'cine shall the Soul sustain,  
 And soften or suspend her pain ;  
 Shall break Death's fell tyrannic pow'r,  
 And calm the troubled dying hour.

Blest rules of cool prudential age !  
 I listen'd, and rever'd the sage.  
 When lo ! a form divinely bright  
 Descends and bursts upon my sight,  
 A Seraph of illustrious birth !  
 (Religion was her name on earth)  
 Supremely sweet her radiant face,  
 And blooming with celestial grace !  
 Three shining cherubs form'd her train,  
 Wav'd their light wings, and reach'd the plain :

## D E A T H.

Faith, with sublime and piercing eye,  
And pinions flutt'ring for the sky !  
Here Hope, that smiling angel, stands,  
And golden anchors grace her hands !  
There Charity, in robes of white,  
Fairest and fav'rite maid of light !

The Seraph spake—'Tis Reason's part  
To govern, and to guard the heart ;  
To lull the wayward soul to rest,  
When hopes and fears distract the breast.  
Reason may calm this doubtful strife,  
And steer thy bark thro' various life :  
But when the storms of death are nigh,  
And midnight darkness veils the sky,  
Shall Reason then direct thy sail,  
Disperse the clouds, or sink the gale ?  
Stranger, this skill alone is mine,  
Skill ! that transcends his scanty line.

That hoary sage has counsell'd right—  
Be wise, nor scorn his friendly light.  
Revere thyself—Thou'rt near ally'd  
To angels on thy better side.  
How various e'er their ranks or kinds,  
Angels are but unbodied minds ;  
When the partition walls decay,  
Men emerge angels from their clay.  
Yes, when the frailer body dies,  
The Soul asserts her kindred skies.  
But minds, tho' sprung from heav'nly race,  
Must first be tutor'd for the place.  
(The joys above are understood,  
And relish'd only by the good)  
Who shall assume this guardian care ?  
Who shall secure their birthright there ?

Souls are my charge—to me 'tis giv'n  
To train them for their native heav'n.

Know then—Who bow the early knee,  
And give the willing heart to me;  
Who wisely, when Temptation waits,  
Elude her frauds, and spurn her baits;  
Who dare to own my injur'd cause,  
Tho' fools deride my sacred laws;  
Or scorn to deviate to the wrong,  
Tho' Persecution lifts her thong;  
Tho' all the sons of hell conspire  
To raise the stake, and light the fire;  
Know, that for such superior souls,  
There lies a bliss beyond the Poles;  
Where spirits shine with purer ray,  
And brighten to meridian day;  
Where love, where boundless friendship rules,  
(No friends that change, no love that cools!)  
Where rising floods of knowledge roll,  
And pour and pour upon the soul!

But where's the passage to the skies?—  
The road thro' Death's black valley lies.  
Nay, do not shudder at my tale—  
Tho' dark the shades, yet safe the vale.  
This path the best of men have trod,  
And who'd decline the road to God?  
Oh! 'tis a glorious boon to die!  
This favour can't be priz'd too high.

While thus she spake, my looks express'd  
The raptures kindling in my breast;  
My soul a fix'd attention gave;  
When the stern monarch of the grave  
With haughty strides approach'd—Amaz'd  
I stood, and trembled as I gaz'd.

The Seraph calm'd each anxious fear,  
And kindly wip'd the falling tear ;  
Then hasten'd with expanded wing  
To meet the pale terrific king.  
But now what milder scenes arise !  
The tyrant drops his hostile guise.  
He seems a youth divinely fair,  
In graceful ringlets waves his hair.  
His wings their whitening plumes display,  
His burnish'd plumes reflect the day.  
Light flows his shining azure vest,  
And all the angel stands confest.

I view'd the change with sweet surprize,  
And oh ! I panted for the skies ;  
Thank'd heav'n, that e'er I drew my breath,  
And triumph'd in the thoughts of Death.

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